

No.
30

PEEP



The SHIELD

COMICS

10¢

AUGUST





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

BULLETIN No. 10

GOOD grief! Talk about finding danger where you least expect it! When Dusty and I stepped up to the office this afternoon, we thought we'd have a peaceful few hours—but what actually happened is that we came pretty close to being trampled to death. The place is a madhouse!

Golly, I guessed from the enthusiastic way you fellows and girls greeted some of the other characters when they first joined the gang that you'd go for Pokey Oakey in a big way, but I didn't expect anything like this. Soon as Dusty and I walked in, Black Hood and Kardak and one or two others of the **TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMIC** gang grabbed us and took us over to congratulate Pokey, who was sitting with a grin a mile wide on his face and digging thru a pile of letters as tall as he is. Postmen were rushing in and out, desks were piled higher and higher with letters . . . one desk even caved in. All I can is, again—golly!!

But there's some official business to take care of, and I'd better get right to it. To Pal Weimer. That's a swell idea, your cub troop having a show, with one fellow playing Dusty, and another pretending to be me, and so on. Who would you pick to play Captain Swastika, Pal? And I want to say hello to Tito Torralba and J. Eisenberg, both of whom write top notch letters from far off places: Tito from Baguio, Philippines, and J. Eisenberg (say, what does the "J" stand for? Joe? Jack? Jimmy?) all the way from Aberdeen, Cape Province, South Africa.

New outstanding members of the Shield G Man Club this month are:

WILLIAM MCLEID
442 E. Jefferson St.
Louisville, Ky

ANN CARPENTER
929 East Washington
Louisville, Ky.

HAROLD MARCUS
202 East 18th Street
New York, N. Y.

DELMER DOWDA
Warrior, Alabama

LECESTER WARREN
Covington, Va

BRUCE PETRIE
Black River

A. ALTSCULE
4 Dayview Avenue
Port Elizabeth

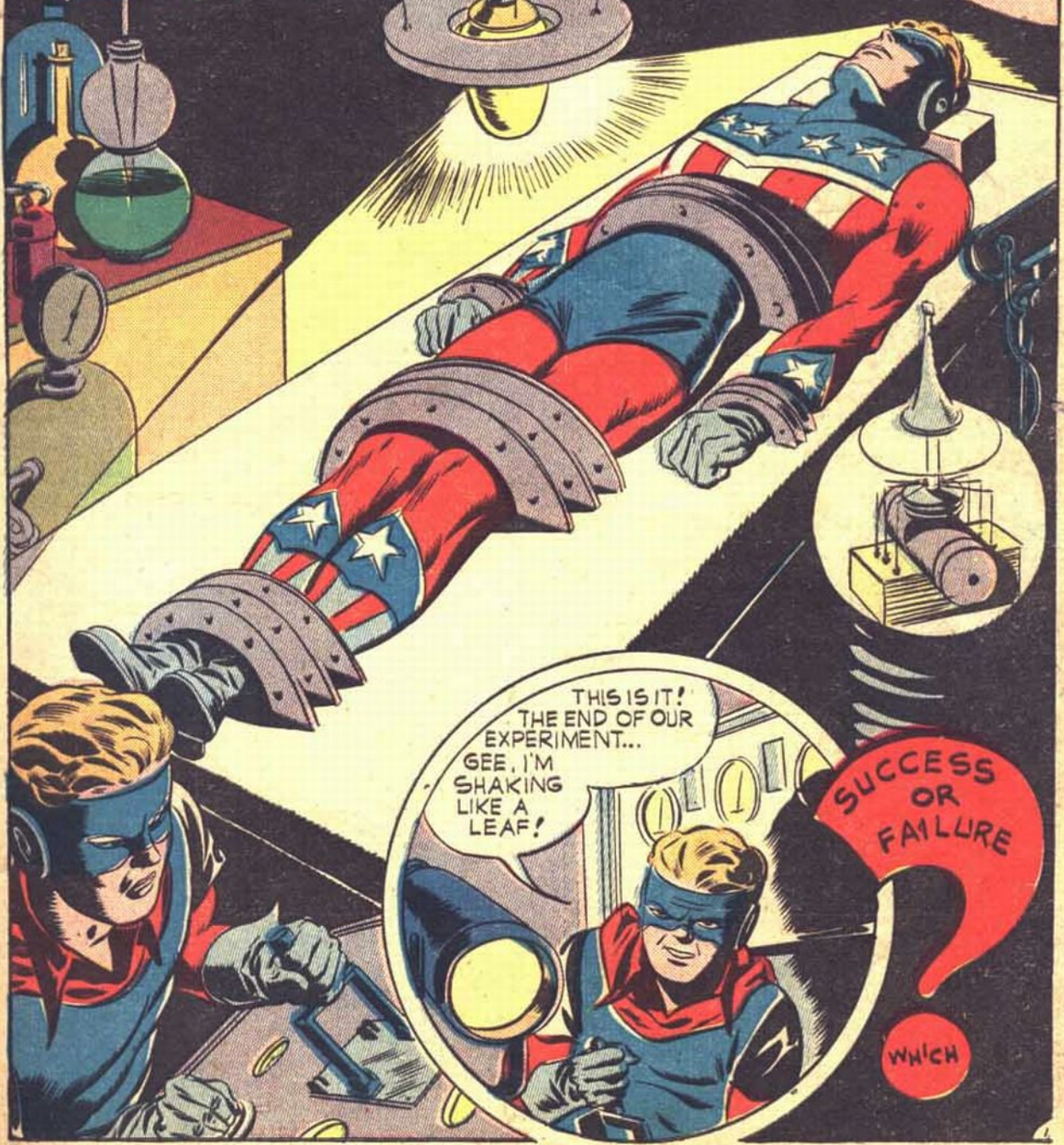
JAMES HOTCHKISS
54 Domingo
Berkeley, California

DOROTHY HICKEY
Box 134
San Miguel

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

THE **ONE AND ONLY**
SHIELD
WITH **DUSTY**
THE BOY DETECTIVE

WILL THE SHIELD REGAIN HIS SUPER-POWERS? THE MOMENTS TICK BY - BREATHLESS, ALMOST UNENDURABLE MOMENTS - WITH THE GREAT QUESTION ALMOST AT HAND. THEN DUSTY, IN AN AGONY OF SUSPENSE, THROWS THE SWITCH. THE RAYS WHICH ONCE BEFORE ENDOWED THE SHIELD WITH HIS SUPER-POWERS, POUR AGAIN OVER HIS OUTSTRETCHED GIANT FRAME, AND...



THIS IS IT!
THE END OF OUR
EXPERIMENT...
GEE, I'M
SHAKING
LIKE A
LEAF!

SUCCESS
OR
FAILURE

WHICH



HOW DO YOU FEEL, SHIELD?

CAN'T TELL YET, LAD!

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, AND THAT'S BY TESTING MY STRENGTH. THAT IRON BAR SHOULD DO IT!



IT'S SOLID ENOUGH. IF I CAN BEND IT, I'LL KNOW... AGH!

I-I CAN'T DO IT, DUSTY! I CAN'T EVEN BEND IT!

GEE, SHIELD!



WELL, THERE'S OUR ANSWER, DUSTY!

SO WHAT? WE'RE NOT LICKED - NOT BY A LONG SHOT, PAL!

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT JUST MEANS OUR FIGHT'S GOING TO BE TOUGHER, BUT WE'LL FIGHT WHILE THERE'S A BREATH IN US!

AND FOR THE SAME REASON, DUSTY... UNCLE SAM!

SHAKE ON IT!

YOU SAID IT... I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU BEFORE, SHIELD - BUT I'M JUST AS GLAD YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR SUPER-POWERS BACK! NOW WE CAN WORK TOGETHER MORE LIKE EQUALS!

MEANWHILE, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN A GESTAPO JAIL IN BERLIN - A SCENE UNFOLDS THAT IS DESTINED TO GIVE THE SHIELD HIS FIRST GREAT TEST...



MY LATEST CREATION!
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT
HERR KAPITAN?

OH--ER, YES! VE
CALLED YOU IN TO
MAKE DIS SCUM
TALK, HERR
STRANGLER!

I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!
THE MAN WHO HAS
BEEN GIVING AWAY
YOUR SECRET PLANS
TO WASHINGTON IS
MONSIEUR BERGERE,
THE VICHY CONSUL
IN WASHINGTON!
AH-AH--UNH!

SO YOUR
GUEST DOES
NOT FEEL IN A
CHATTING MOOD...
ACH...DOT IS
BAD! ...

...FOR HIM! HAF YOU
SOMETHING PRESSING
ON YOUR MIND?
DEN SPEAK!



AUF VIEDERSEHN -
I MUST HURRY BACK TO MY
PAINTING... PLEASE DO NOT
DISTURB ME!

THE NEXT DAY...
VE HAF DISCOVERED
DOT DER VICHY CONSUL
IN VASHINGTON
IS DISCLOSING OUR
PLANS TO THE
UNITED STATES!

JA? VE
SHALL
TAKE
CARE
OF HIM!

SEND DER STRANGLER
TO AMERIKA TO GET RID
OF DIS VICHY PIG! GIF
HIM FORGED PAPERS
UND TELL HIM TO
GO RIGHT AWAY!



SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER
IN WASHINGTON, JOE HIGGINS
AND DUSTY TAKE IN
AN OPERA...

JUST WAIT'LL
YOU SEE HER,
JOE!

BOY, THAT JUVENILE STAR'S
REALLY GOT DUSTY GOING.
JUST LOOK AT THAT DOPEY
EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!

OPERA
PROGRAM
-A PARTA-
WITH
VIMMER PERSESS

WHAT A
VOICE! WHAT
A FIGURE...
WHAT CLASS!

YEAH YEAH...
2-2-2-2-2

NEW
OPERA
BY
IRVING
NOVICK

COME ON
WITH ME! I'M GONNA
MEET THAT GIRL OR
BUST A BLOOD
VEGSEL!

SUITS ME! NOW
MAYBE WE'LL STOP
COMING HERE - WE'VE
ALREADY SEEN THE
SHOW FIVE TIMES!

OH,
GO ON—
THIS
IS HER
DOOR!

ER...MY NAME'S DUSTY AND THIS IS MY
PAL, JOE HIGGINS...WE-ER-I JUST
WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW-ER -
MARVELOUS---ER--

HOW
D'YOU
DO?

PARDONNEZ,
M'SIEUR! ZÉ
TELEPHONE!

HALLO? YES, PA-PA,
EETS ME, YVONNE! I
WEEESH YOU COULD HAVE
SEEN ME TONIGHT!

I HEARD YOU,
OVER THE RADIO
MA CHERE...YOU
SOUNDED
MARVELOUS!

SUDDENLY, A TERRIFYING FORM
ENTERS THE ROOM...

W-WHO
ARE YOU?
GET OUT
OF MY
OFFICE!

YOUR
COLLABORATION
MIT AMERIKA IS
OVER!

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HERR
BERGERE --DIS IS DER
STRANGLER'S OFFICE
NOW!

THE STRANGLER'S
MASSIVE FINGERS
REACH FORWARD...
FORWARD...

I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I
HEAR THE SOUND OF
STRUGGLING -AND THEN
ALL EES QUIET!

SO LONG,
YVONNE, AND
DON'T WORRY!

PAPA...SPEAK
TO ME...MON DIEU...
SOMETHING TERRIBLE
HAS HAPPENED!

SAY, WHAT'S
GOING ON,
ANYWAY?

WHAT'S YOUR FATHERS
NAME AND ADDRESS?
WE'LL HURRY DOWN
THERE!

SHE HEARD THE NAME 'STRANGLER', SHE SAID. AND HER DAD'S ONE OF THE FRENCH LEGATION...THAT ADDS UP TO TROUBLE!

LOOKS LIKE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

HOPES THEY'RE READY TO RECEIVE MY FIST!



VELL? YOU ARE YOU HEADING, STRIPE SUIT?

YOUR JAW, TOUGH GUY!

I'M GOING TO SEE THE FRENCH CONSUL-AND I DON'T LIKE WISE GUYS WHO GET IN MY WAY!



WHAM



VOT'S ALL DIS ROUGH-HOUSE? DID I HEAR SOME-YUN ASK FOR DER CONSUL?



I DID! THIS GARBAGE WAS IN MY WAY!

I'M SORRY DIS TRASH
ANNOYED YOU! STEP INSIDE.
GENTLEMEN, WHERE THERE
IS PEACE UND QUIET!

I DON'T GET THIS!
WHO'RE YOU... AND
WHERE'S MR. BERGERE,
THE VICHY
CONSUL?

BERGERE?
OH, YOU
MEAN THE
FORMER
CONSUL...

...VHY - ER -
HE VAS
SUDDENLY
CALLED
BACK TO
FRANCE!

HMM...
WHY'S THAT
RUG BEING ROLLED
UP? GIVING A
DANCE?

ACH! NO! IT
OFFENDED MY
ARTISTIC SENSE
OF COLOR! I'M
HAVING IT
CHANGED!

SOME-
THING'S PHONY
ABOUT THAT CAR-
PET!

A FLASH OF UNDERSTANDING
PASSES BETWEEN DUSTY
AND THE SHIELD...

SUDDENLY...

OOH, MY STOMACH...
MUST HAVE BEEN
THAT APPLE I
ATE!

DO YOU
MIND SHOWING
ME YOUR CREDENTIALS
AS THE NEW CONSUL?

NOT AT ALL! I
HAF BEEN ADMIRING
DER BEAUTIFUL SKY-
SCRAPERS AND HAF
NOT YET BEEN TO
DER AMBASSADOR!
LET US GO TOGETH-
ER TO HIM!

OWOO! MY STUMMICK'S WORSE! I'M GOING TO BEAT IT, SHIELD!

SURE, KID! I'LL RUN ALONG WITH THE NEW CONSUL TO THE AMBASSADOR'S!

DUSTY RACES OUTSIDE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE MOVING VAN PULLING AWAY...

BLOOD!

BOY! THE SHIELD HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!

I'M STICKING WITH THESE GUYS!

THE CITY DUMP!

THAT CLINCHES IT-YVONNE'S DAD IS IN THAT RUG!

HURRY MIT DIS RUG! VE BURN THE BODY QUICK!

NOT SO FAST, BUMS! I DON'T LIKE YOUR NAZI ACCENT...

I'M GOING TO KEEP
THESE STREETS
CLEAN IF I HAVE TO...

SPLAT

...DUMP ALL YOU RATS
WHERE YOU BELONG!

I'VE GOT THE
EVIDENCE NOW!
HERE WE COME,
SHIELD!

SUCH A LUFFLY COLOR
SCHEME DER AMBASS-
ADOR'S OFFICE HAS, NEIN?
COME, LET'S GO, SHIELD!

CITY
INCINERATO
PLANT

HERE ARE MY
CREDENTIALS,
YOUR EXCELLENCY.
I'M SURE YOU'LL
FIND THEM ALL IN
ORDER!

ARE THEY,
AMBASS-
ADOR?

THEY
CERTAINLY
ARE! NOTHING
WRONG.
HE MUST
BE THE
NEW VICHY
CONSUL!

I MUST GO NOW,
MY FRIEND. DO COME
AND SEE ME IF YOU
ARE IN THE NEIGH-
BORHOOD - I SHOULD
LOVE TO SHOW YOU
MY PAINTINGS!



AT THAT MOMENT
DUSTY APPEARS...

HOLD EVERY-
THING! DON'T
LET BIG-HANDS
GET AWAY!

LOOK, SHIELD,
THE REAL CONSUL-
MURDERED!

GET YVONNE OVER HERE
TO IDENTIFY
HIM!

HELLO? GET
ME THE OPERA
HOUSE RIGHT
AWAY!

SO THERE'S
A SWASTIKA
UNDER YOUR
COAT, EH?

JA! NO YUN
ESCAPES DER
STRANGLER! YOU
INCLUDED!

SO YOU
DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT?
WELL, I
DO!

TAKE YOUR
CLUMSY HANDS
OFF ME! I DON'T
LIKE IT!

LIKE THIS
ANY BETTER,
STRANGLER?

WHAM

SUDDENLY YVONNE RUSHES IN...

I GOT DUSTY'S
PHONE CALL... MON
PÈRE - FATHER -
WHAT HAS HAP-
PENED TO HEEM?

NOW, STEADY,
KID - STEADY! I'VE
GOT BAD NEWS...

PLEASE, M'SIEUR
SHIELD, TELL ME, HE
HE EES ALL RIGHT...
MAIS NON?

I'M SORRY, KID!
HE'S DEAD! MUR-
DERED BY THE
RUTHLESS NAZIS!

PA-PA!
PA-PA!

WELL,
WELL,
LEAVING
SO SOON,
STRANG-
LER?

I LIKE YOU
STRANGLER!
WHY DON'T
YOU STICK
AROUND
A WHILE?

HANG
ONTO HIM,
DUSTY, I'LL
BE WITH
YOU IN
A JIFFY!

OKAY, DUSTY!
THE SITUATION
IS WELL IN
HAND!

WHAM!

GET THE
POLICE, DUSTY!

YOU'LL HAVE A
NICE LONG TIME
TO PERFECT
YOUR ARTISTIC
TALENTS -
STRANGLER!

WELL, THAT'S
ROUND ONE OF
MY BATTLE WITH-
OUT MY SUPER-
POWERS.....THIS
IS ONLY THE
BEGINNING!

TRUER WORDS
WERE NEVER
SPOKEN, SHIELD.
YOU'VE GOT A
NEW, MORE
THRILLING
FIGHT ON
YOUR HANDS
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
PEP and
SHIELD.
WIZARD
COMICS THAN
EVER BEFORE

The

HANGMAN

NURSERY RHYMES
THESE TINKLING
THAT ONCE MEANT
MENT THE WORLD
STRANGE AND HORRIBLE
FATE - BECAME
INVITATIONS TO
LITTLE COUPLETS
LAUGHTER AND AMUSE-
OVER... NOW, BY A
TWIST OF
RHYMED
DEATH!



READ ON (IF YOU DARE) AND FOLLOW THE JUGGERNAUT FORM OF THE HANGMAN - AS HE RIPS THROUGH THE MOCKING PAGES OF "MOTHER GOOSE TALES" IN THE MOST EERIE AND SINISTER ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER...

HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN IN THE FASHIONABLE PENTHOUSE OF SIMON DICKERSON, A BUTLER ENTERS...

WHAT IS IT, MASON?

A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR YOU, SIR!

HMM! THAT'S STRANGE... A NURSERY RHYME ABOUT SIMPLE SIMON AND...

...TELLING ME TO GO TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT? WONDER WHO COULD HAVE SENT THIS TO ME?

HURRIEDLY, SIMON MAKES FOR HIS SLEEK CAR...

SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN GOING TO THE FAIR SAID SIMPLE SIMON TO THE PIEMAN, "MAY I TASTE YOUR WARE?"

MY DEAR SIMON... COME TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT, BUT BE SURE TO TELL NO ONE. YOU ARE THE FAVORITE AND CHOSEN SON. YOUR MOTHER'S WISH IS THAT YOU INHERIT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!

SO MOTHER FINALLY FORGAVE ME FOR NEGLECTING HER! I KNEW ALL ALONG I WAS HER FAVORITE SON!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BOB DICKERING FINDS A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AMONGST HIS MAIL

WHAT TH...? WHO'S SENDING ME MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES ABOUT COCK ROBIN? SOMETHING'S SCREWY!













THAT MAD MURDERER OUTWITTED ME, ALL RIGHT-BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM YET!



AND HE'S LIABLE TO STRIKE AT THE THIRD BROTHER, THE ENGLISHMAN, AT ANY MOMENT!



OH, THERE YOU ARE!... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT OF THIS HOUSE! I'M NOT GOING TO STAY AROUND AND BE KILLED!



HMM, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU BUT I THINK YOU'RE SAFE IN HERE!

I TELL YOU I'M LEAVING NOW!



AND IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME, THIS LITTLE REVOLVER WILL DO MY TALKING FOR ME!



MEANWHILE, IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT WITHIN A SECRET GABLE, 'MOTHER GOOSE' SITS AND...

SO THE HANGMAN IS TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS, EH?



I'LL MAKE HIM REGRET HIS INTRUSION...FIRST I MUST GET RID OF THE ENGLISHMAN!



LET ME SEE A NICE LITTLE NURSERY RHYME TO FIT THE END I HAVE IN MIND FOR THE HANGMAN!



AH!
THERE'S THE
HANGMAN!



LET HIM GET MY
WARNING NOW!



THE NURSERY
RHYMES FLOAT EARTH-
WARD AS THE HANGMAN
APPROACHES



SO THE
MURDERER
IS AFTER ME!



FOR THE ENGLISHMAN
FOR THE HANGMAN
DING DONG BELL
HANGMAN'S IN THE WELL
HE WHO WAS THE
GALLOW'S FRIEND,
NOW AT LAST HAS
MET HIS END!

Mother Goose




WHAT'S
THE SECOND
ONE SAY?

FOR THE ENGLISHMAN
FE FI FO FUM
I SMELL THE BLOOD
OF AN ENGLISHMAN
BE HE ALIVE OR
BE HE DEAD,
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES
TO MAKE MY BREAD

Mother Goose



"GRIND HIS BONES!"
THE OLD MILL, THAT'S
WHERE SHE IS!



I'VE GOT TO
GET THERE
IN TIME TO
SAVE HIM!

DID YOU SEE? THE HANGMAN
LET FALL ONE OF THE NOTES



EEEEEEEEEE

THAT CAME FROM UP THERE!



TAKE IT EASY, ENGLISHMAN! I'M COMING UP!



JUST IN TIME AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE!

CURSE YOU, HANGMAN. I'LL GET YOU YET!

LIKE A HIDEOUS BAT, "MOTHER GOOSE" CATCHES HOLD OF ONE THE WINDMILL'S SAILS



AND THE GEARS TURN...

I'M CAUGHT! MY CLOAK'S PULLING ME!



DROGGED OFF BALANCE THE HANGMAN IS SUDDENLY PLUMMETED EARTHWARD...



OUTSIDE "MOTHER GOOSE" REACHES THE GROUND IN ANOTHER FASHION...

SHE RUSHES BACK INTO THE MILL...

THE HANGMAN,
HE'S FALLEN!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
WHAT WONDERFUL
LUCK - HE, HE, HE,

COME WITH ME, MY LITTLE
HANGMAN...WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL CORPSE
YOU WILL MAKE!

WITH SURPRISING STRENGTH,
"MOTHER GOOSE" HEAVES THE
LIMP BODY OF THE HANGMAN
INTO THE WELL ...

HE-HE-HE-
DING DONG
BELL, THE HANG-
MAN'S GONE TO
... WELL!

THE ICY SHOCK
SUDDENLY
REVIVES THE
HANGMAN...

... AND VAINLY HIS FINGERS
CLAW FOR SAFETY...

IT'S TOO SLIPPERY -
I CAN'T MAKE IT!

THE SCENE SHIFTS WHERE WE SEE THELMA WHO FINDS...

A NOTE!
WONDER
WHAT IT
IS?



DING DONG BELL
HANGMAN'S IN THE
WELL... THE
WELL!



AS THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL, "MOTHER GOOSE"
OPENS THE RUSTY DOOR TO THE FAMILY
CRYPT...



AH, BACK AT
LONG LAST!

THE MASK IS REMOVED, REVEALING THAT THE
PERPETRATOR OF HORROR IS UNCLE JOHN!



MY MISSION IS ALMOST
ACCOMPLISHED. TWO OF
THE SONS ARE DEAD!

YOU NURSED THOSE
SCOUNDRELS TO MAN-
HOOD... NURSED THEM
WITH ALL THE BEAUTY
OF YOUR SOUL. CROONED
THEM TO SLEEP WITH
THE MOTHER GOOSE
RHYMES YOU LOVED SO
WELL. AND THEY REPAID
YOU BY LEAVING YOU
WHEN YOU NEEDED
THEM MOST!



DEAR SISTER, THE OATH
I SWORE TO YOU ON YOUR
DEATH-BED WILL YET BE
FULFILLED. THE MEMORY OF
YOUR SUFFERING GIVES
ME STRENGTH!



UNCLE
JOHN MAKES A
FERVENT VOW OVER
THE COFFIN OF HIS
DEAD SISTER!

ON THE NIGHT YOU DIED!... I
REMEMBER ONLY TOO WELL
HOW YOU CRIED FOR THE
CHILDREN WHO DESERTED
YOU!



WHERE ARE
MY SONS? WHERE'S
SIMON, AND ROBIN,
AND ---

OH, MY DARLING! I'LL MAKE THOSE HEARTLESS SONS OF YOURS PAY FOR THIS!

AND NOW TO KILL THE REMAINING SON- AND MY VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE!

SUDDENLY THE SELF-APPOINTED AVENGER TURNS TO FIND...

TH - THE HANGMAN!

WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT - UNCLE JOHN REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, AND...

I OVERHEARD YOU! THAT STORY WILL SEND YOU TO THE GALLOWES!

GOOD LORD! HE'S POISONED HIMSELF! WELL, HE ESCAPED THE HANGMAN ALL RIGHT! BUT HE DIDN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!

I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS EMERGENCY TOO, HANG-MAN!

DEAD! AND HIS LAST RHYME MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN, "MOTHER GOOSE TOOK TO CRIME... AND SEALED HER DOOM WITH HER OWN RHYME!"

WELL, THAT CLOSES THE DOOR ON THE MOST GRUESOME AND BIZARRE CASE THE HANGMAN HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE
BOY SOLDIERS

ON TO
VICTORY
AND
FREEDOM!

I'M BILLY
GRAYSON,
AMERICAN!

MY NAME IS
GERALD SYKES...
AND ENGLAND
IS MY HOME!

ARMAND
DE LATOUR,
A **FREE**
FRENCHMAN!

AYE! BAN
CALLED ERIK
JANGEN! AYE
BAN FROM
NORWAY, BY
GARY!

THIS IS A TALE
OF FOUR AVERAGE
BOYS-LIKE YOU OR YOU OR
YOU-SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.
ALTHOUGH THEY COME FROM
MANY LANDS, THEY ARE UNITED
IN THEIR LOVE OF FREEDOM!
AND THEIR HERO IS FREEDOM'S
FOREMOST CHAMPION, THE
WORLD RENOWNED FIGHTER
AGAINST TYRANNY
**CAPTAIN
COMMANDO!**

GOSH! CAPTAIN
COMMANDO IS
PLANNING ANOTHER
EXPEDITION! THE NAZIS
ARE DOUBLING THEIR
GARRISONS ALL ALONG
THE COAST!

BLIMEY! IT MUST BE
FINE TO FIGHT UNDER A
MAN LIKE THAT! HE
HELD OFF THOSE NAZIS
AT DUNKIRK! THEY
SAY HE FOUGHT LIKE
A WILD MAN!



ZAT EES NOTHING!
AT ZE BATTLE OF
SAINT NAZAIRE,
HE WAS ZE ONE
WHO BLEW UP THE
BRIDGE ZAT SAVED
MY FATHER'S
REGIMENT? MY
FATHER SAY HE
NEVER SAW ANYONE
WITH SUCH COURAGE
IN ALL HEES LIFE?



ERIK, THE NORWEGIAN BOY,
SPEAKS UP.

AYE BAN WISHING
WE COULD SERVE WITH
DOSE COMMANDOS IN
NORWAY. IN MY COUNTRY,
THERE ARE MANY MEN
WHO WOULD GIVE DERE
LIVES TO FIGHT FOR
CAPTAIN COMMANDO!



SAY THAT'S
A JOOLY IDEA?
MAYBE WE
COULD JOIN
UP? THERE
MUST BE SOME
WAY WE COULD
HELP?

AS YOU
ENGLISH
SAY, EET
EES WORTH
A **TRY!**



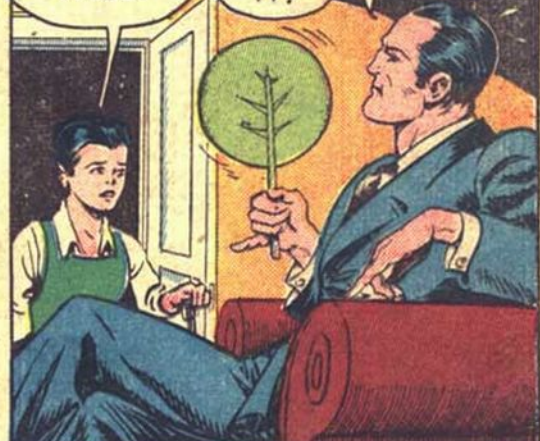
SO THE FOUR AVERAGE
BOYS WANT TO "JOIN
UP," BUT AS BILLY
GRAYSON GOES HOME,
HE IS WORRIED ABOUT
SOMETHING HE COULD
NOT TELL HIS FRIENDS.

GEE! I WONDER
WHAT DAD IS
GOING TO SAY?



WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
DAD? DON'T
YOU FEEL
WELL?

IT'S THIS PERFECTLY
HORRID WEATHER!
REALLY, I DON'T SEE
HOW YOU CAN STAND
IT?



ER, DAD, THERE'S
SOMETHING IMPORTANT
I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU!
IT'S ABOUT JOINING
UP WITH THE
COMMANDOS!

I WON'T
HAVE IT!
I'VE TOLD
YOU
BEFORE
WHAT I THINK
ABOUT
FIGHTING!



AND ESPECIALLY
WITH MEN LIKE THE
COMMANDOS.
MAD MEN! NO
REGARD FOR
HUMAN LIFE!



THE CRAZY LITTLE
FOOL! HE'S
ASHAMED
OF ME! NO
MATTER WHAT
THE COST, I
WON'T LET
HIM DO
IT!



SOME DAY, HE'LL KNOW THE TRUTH! THEN MAYBE HE'LL UNDERSTAND!



BUT IT'S HARD! HIS CONTEMPT FOR ME... SOMETIMES I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK OF ANY MAN!



DAD SAYS I CAN'T GO! BUT I'M GOING ANYWAY! I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BILLY!

AT THE COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS, THE FOUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS MEET WITH A REBUFF.

WE CAN USE A NORWEGIAN BOY AS GUIDE. BUT THE REST OF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY PLACE IN A COMMANDO OUTFIT!

SAY, FELLAS, I'VE GOT A PLAN! ONCE ERIK FINDS OUT WHERE THE BOAT IS LEAVING, HE CAN HELP SMUGGLE THE REST OF US ABOARD! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

RISKY... BUT WE'LL TRY IT!



THAT NIGHT, THE BOYS SLIP ABOARD A SLOOP RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR.

KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! STAY IN HIDING UNTIL AFTER WE'RE IN THE CHANNEL!



LATER...

HAVE YOU SEEN CAPT. COMMANDO? WHERE IS HE?

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! BUT KEEP QUIET!



I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES! COME OUT OF THERE, YOU BRATS!







OH, HELLO, SON? DON'T TELL ME THEY'VE GOT YOU HERE TOO! ALL I DID WAS TAKE A BIT OF A STROLL BY THE DOCKS FOR A BREATH OF AIR! THIS HOT WEATHER, Y'KNOW... AND FIRST THING I KNEW, THESE SILLY COMMANDO FELLOWS PICKED ME UP! THOUGHT I WAS SPYING ON THEM! CAN YOU IMAGINE?



MAYBE YOU ARE WHAT YOU SAY? I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY MEN LEFT WHO WEREN'T IN UNIFORM.

POOR BILLY! IMAGINE HAVING A FATHER LIKE THAT!

I HATED TO DO IT! YOUR OWN SON? HE THINKS THAT YOU...



NEVER MIND THAT! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! **IMPORTANT!**

BILLY, YOU CAN TAKE THIS TOO HARD!

CHEER UP, LADDIE!

CAPTAIN, YOU'VE EVEN MORE COURAGE THAN I THOUGHT YOU HAD.. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?



WE'LL LAND HERE! OUR OBJECTIVES ARE TO RELEASE PRISONERS AND DESTROY OIL WELLS! ORDERS ARE THE SAME AS ALWAYS.. FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

SO, IN A BLEAK DAWN, SOMEWHERE ON THE ROCKY COAST OF NORWAY, AN INTREPID BAND OF COMMANDOS COMES ASHORE! THEY SEPARATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND GRIMLY GO ABOUT PREPARING TO INVADE A CONTINENT.



INTO THEIR MIDST SPRINGS THE MASKED FIGURE OF THEIR LEADER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO.

FORWARD, MEN! LET THIS BE A DAY THE HUNS WILL NEVER FORGET!

OVERWHELMING THE GUARDS, ONE FORCE SWEEPS ON TOWARD THE CITY...

WHILE THE MAIN BODY POURS DOWN UPON THE NAZI HORDES DEFENDING THE PRECIOUS OIL WELLS.

THIS WAY, SIR! I CAN SHOW YOU VERE DOSE GERMANNS KEEP PRISONERS!

STAY HERE, CHAPPIE! I'LL TAKE CARE O' THIS SQUAREHEAD!

GOT HIM? GO GET THE REST, LAOS!

GOTT IN HIMM...!

OUTSIDE, THE SENTRY ON GUARD IS DROPPED IN HIS TRACKS! THE COMMANDOS STORM INTO THE PRISON.

THEY SWOOP IN ON THE FLANK OF THE NAZIS TRYING TO HOLD OFF THE ATTACKERS? OTHER TROOPS COME UP QUICKLY TO MEET THE COMMANDOS IN FIERCE HAND TO HAND BATTLE!



THE FIGHTING RAGES BACK AND FORTH. THE COMMANDOS SLOWLY GAIN THE UPPER HAND, AND THEN..



THE BOY SOLDIERS ENTER THE FRAY.

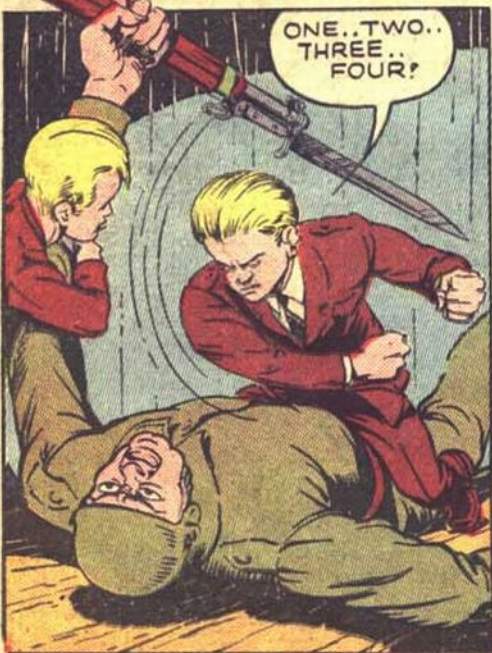
YANKEE DOG?..OOPS!



EEN MY COUNTRY, THEY CALL THEES "LA SAVATE"! I HOPE YOU LIKE EET?



ONE..TWO.. THREE.. FOUR!



THANKS, OLD CHAP?

YOU'RE FREE NOW?



OUTSIDE A NAZI OFFICER HEARS THE SOUND OF FIGHTING.

ACHTUNG! DESTROY THE COMMANDOS!!



HUNS? A WHOLE ARMY OF 'EM?

GUARD THE WINDOWS, MEN! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

A WAVE OF FIRE CUTS DOWN THE GERMANS AS THEY APPROACH...

BUT IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT THE UNEQUAL BATTLE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER.

WE HAVEN'T AMMUNITION ENOUGH TO HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

IT'S UP TO YOU, MEN? DO YOU WANT US TO SURRENDER?

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO... IF ONLY CAPTAIN COMMANDO WOULD SHOW UP NOW!

AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO HIS WORDS, THERE IS A SUDDEN TUMULT OF FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE PRISON! A SUDDEN YELL RISES.

CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S DARING ASSAULT WITH THE MAIN BODY OF TROOPS SENDS THE NAZIS ROLLING BACK, CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED, THE COMMANDOS RETREAT TOWARD THE BEACH. . . .



WE'RE SAFE NOW! AND OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED!

THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!



BY GAW! I SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO CAPTAIN COMMANDO IS!

EXCUSE ME, FELLOWS, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



OH, ER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO, COULD I TALK TO YOU A MINUTE?

I'M PRETTY BUSY!



TOO BUSY EVEN TO TALK TO ME, DAD?



YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

DID YOU THINK I COULDN'T TELL MY OWN FATHER? I'D KNOW YOU IN ANY KIND OF DISGUISE!



SON, I HAD TO KEEP IT A SECRET! AND NOW YOU MUST HELP BY NEVER TELLING ANYONE WHAT YOU KNOW!

YOU CAN TRUST ME, DAD!



THERE'S A LONG HARD FIGHT AHEAD OF US! WE MUST NEVER LET OUR ENEMIES KNOW ANY MORE THAN WE CAN HELP!

GOLLY! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU I WISH THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW YOU'RE MY DAD!



AND SO, REUNITED AGAIN, FATHER AND SON WATCH THE LAND FADE AWAY IN THE DISTANCE BEHIND THEM, AS THE SLOOP SETS ITS COURSE TO THE WEST. . . AND ENGLAND. . .



HAVE YOU JOINED THE BOY SOLDIERS OF AMERICA YET? LOOK FOR THE COUPON IN THIS BOOK AND FILL IT OUT AT ONCE!

STATION D-E-A-T-H BROADCASTING

A HANGMAN STORY

THELMA'S voice stopped suddenly, and Bob Dickering smiled with amusement. He had watched hundreds of radio broadcasts in the past and he had long ago lost the excitement which fills you when the "ON THE AIR" sign flashes its red gleam across the stage. But this was Thelma's first visit, and she was greatly impressed.

And then, suddenly, Bob stopped smiling and his lean face took on an appearance of grim interest. Something was terribly wrong.

Up on the stage, Michael Lord, popular singer, had been going thru his famous routine . . . clutching the microphone in his peculiar fashion and warbling a love song. But now the words caught in his throat, and he clutched the microphone even tighter. Then he slumped forward, his face hideous.

Bob stared at the face and knew its meaning. It was the look of death!

A great sound of terror welled through the crowd. Even as Jackson Bass, the show's engineer and Lord's best friend, rushed out of his booth and screamed, "Is a doctor present?" a man pushed up on the stage and announced that he was a medico. Bob walked right behind him, his grim eyes examining Lord's inert form closely.

A moment later the doctor had completed the examination. "I'm sorry, he told Bass, "Michael Lord is dead."

Bass groaned, and covered his rather plump face with his hands. "How—how did he die?" he asked.

"Heart attack, I should say," replied the doctor. "There are no visible marks on him, and no symptoms such as would be produced by poison."

Bass turned and looked at the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, Lord was my friend, and I—I—" His voice broke. "The program has naturally been cut off the air. Will you all please leave!"

He turned on his heels, and walked into his office back of the stage. Loudly the door slammed and there was a click of a lock.

As Bob and Thelma walked out of the side entrance of the studio, Bob's face was set, certain. "Thel, that doctor was wrong," Bob said. "There was a mark on Lord . . . a small electrical burn on his hand, so small that the doctor probably missed it."

Thelma said, excitedly, "What does it mean?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," Bob said, grimly. "Lord didn't die of heart failure—I was with him when he was examined at my gym last week, and his heart was perfect. Thelma, I think this is a case for the Hangman!"

The studio theatre was cold and black as the hooded figure of the Hangman dropped from an open window and moved silently up the empty aisles. Suddenly he stopped, stood rigid.

Someone was playing a flashlight onto the stage; centering a finger of light on the microphone!

The Hangman stepped closer, and saw, to his amazement, that it was Jackson Bass, the engineer. Bass' hands, swathed in a pair of rubber gloves, were working a pair of cutting pliers, easily and familiarly clipping wires from around the microphone.

The Hangman leaped onto the stage, so that the beam of the flashlight played on his figure. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Bass was startled into conversation. "Ch-checking up," he mumbled. "I'm trying to see if I can find some clue to help me discover who killed my best friend." He paused, abruptly. "Who are you?"

"I am the Hangman! Look—behind you!"

Bass swerved, and his face contorted with horror. "The shadow of a noose!" he whispered.

"It is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman, his voice cold, steel-like. "You kill-

ed your best friend! As the engineer, you were the only one who had the opportunity. You knew Lord's habit of clutching the microphone and you wired the mike—so that when he clutched it tonight you sent a burst of electricity through and killed him!"

Bass, his lips white, said nothing.

"The noose is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman again. "You shall walk up thirteen steps to the coil of rope waiting to break your neck. A black hood shall fit over your face, blotting out your eyes—the rope tightens, tighter, tighter . . ."

Bass shrieked, a horrible sound which echoed and reverberated through the place. He stepped back, wildly. "Sure I did it," he said. "Lord caught me stealing the producer's blank checks to pay off gambling debts, and he threatened to tell." Bass moved to the edge of the stage, and flicked a switch. "This is the switch that turned on the juice. . . . Sure I did it, but you'll never tell!" He clawed into his pocket, pulled out a revolver and fired.

Catlike, the Hangman dropped to the side. The bullet bit into the wall. Then he leaped and caught Bass' gun hand.

For minutes, the two fought for possession of the gun; finally it dropped to the floor. Hangman leaped forward and hit Bass twice, hard.

Bass gave up the fight. He darted past the Hangman and started to leap off the stage . . . when his foot collided with the revolver on the floor.

His eyes bulged with terror as he slid, and he opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came out. Then he crashed against the microphone and stiffened as thousands of volts of electricity shot through his body.

Jackson Bass, murderer, had died in the trap he himself had devised!

DANNY

IN WONDER- LAND



ON THE LAST ISSUE, DANNY AND HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND ALICE WERE KIDNAPPED FROM WONDERLAND TO THE LAND OF NIGHTMARES. KUPPIE AND SNAPPER IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED!

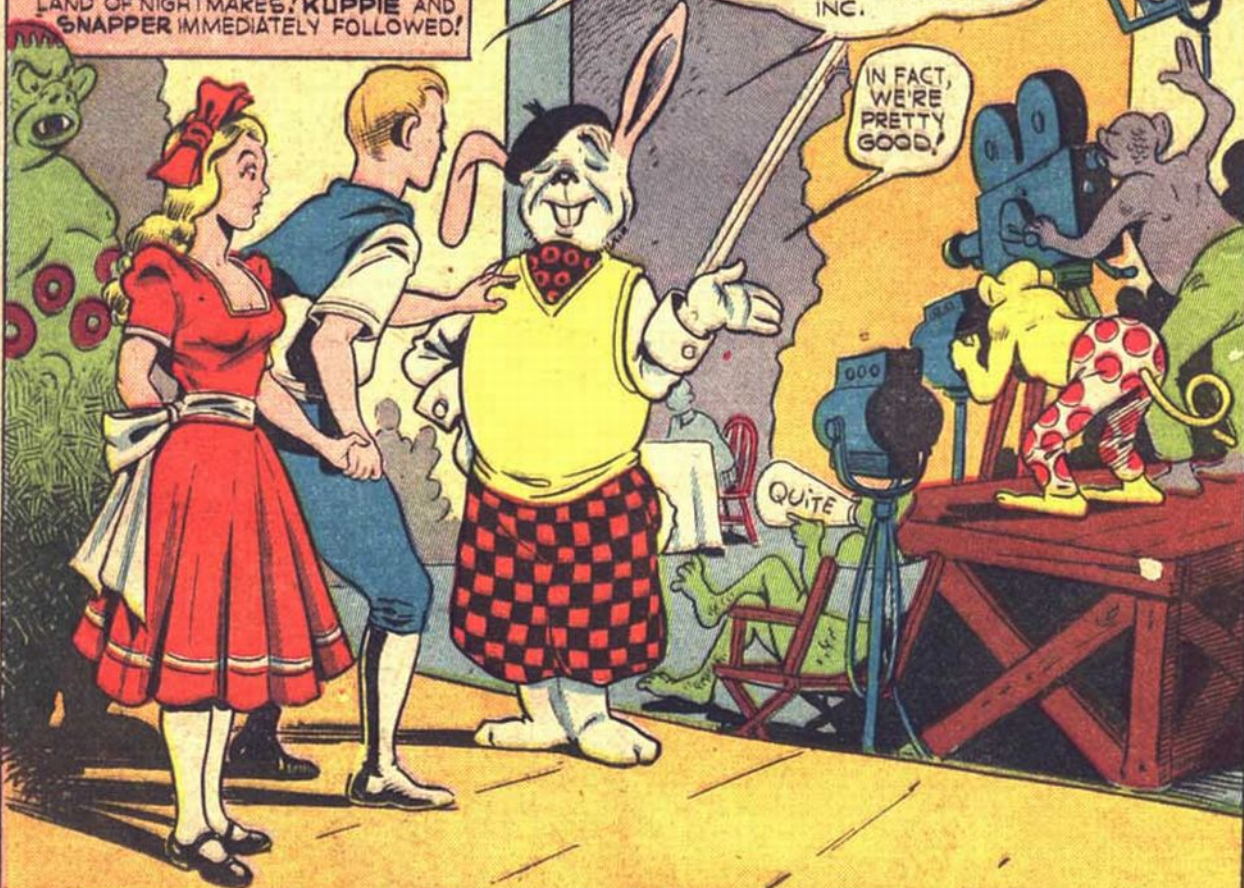
WHO ARE YOU AND WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?

SOUND STAGE
2

I AM WELSH RABBIT, DIRECTOR EXTRAORDINARY OF THE STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, GIGANTIC PRODUCTIONS OF NIGHTMARES, INC.

IN FACT, WE'RE PRETTY GOOD!

QUITE



YOU CAME AT A VERY FORTUNATE TIME. WE'RE IN THE PROCESS OF SHOOTING THE MOST SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE CENTURY!



LIGHTS!
CAMERA!
ACTION!



AH... THAT WAS THE MOST DELICIOUS WELSH RABBIT I'VE EVER TASTED.. HOW HUM! GETTIN' KINDA SLEEPY!



(GULP) WHASSAT?

HIYA, BUD!!



YEEOW!
MORE
OF 'EM!



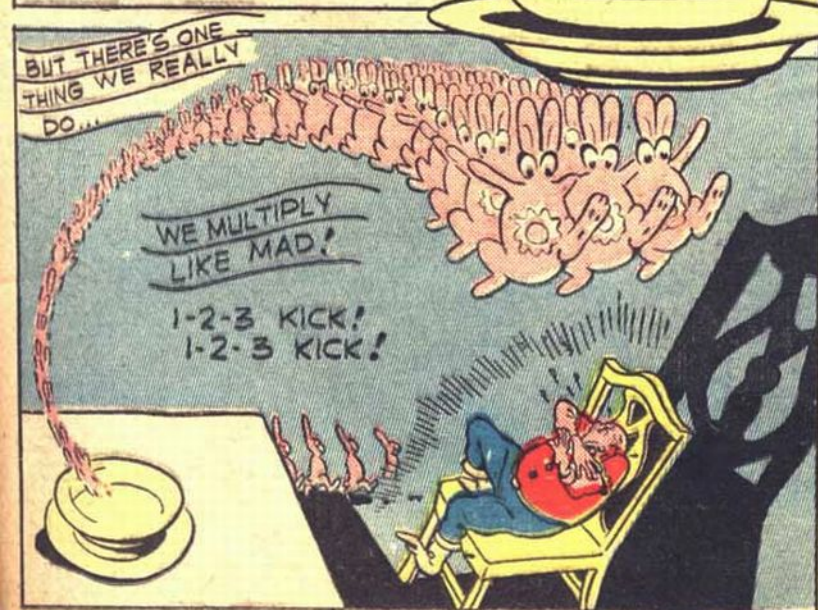
OH, WE'RE SUCH STUPID RABBITS
AND WE CAN'T
SUBTRACT OR ADD...



BUT THERE'S ONE
THING WE REALLY
DO...

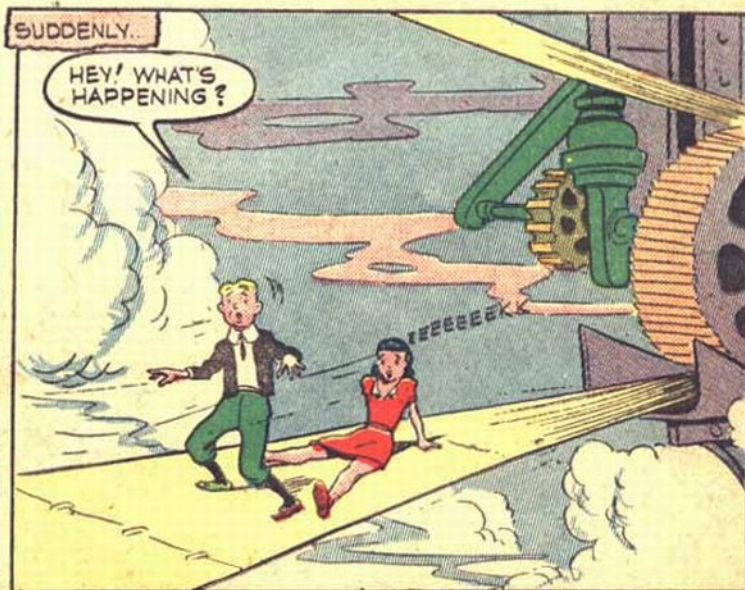
WE MULTIPLY
LIKE MAD!

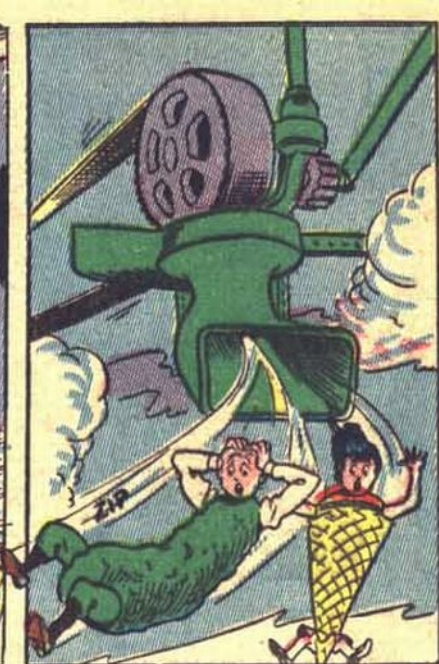
1-2-3 KICK!
1-2-3 KICK!



HALP! I'M GOING CRAZY!
TAKE 'EM AWAY!











CRASH

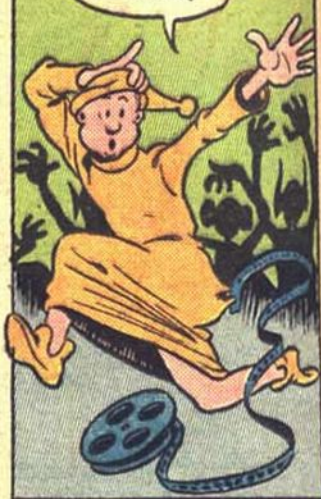


COME ON! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

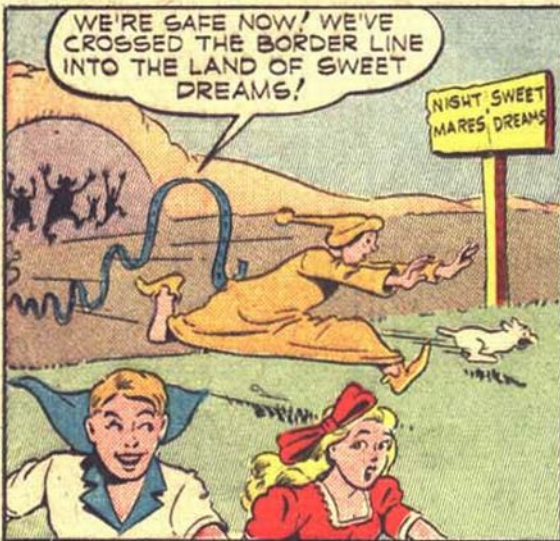


OOPS! THE FILM'S CAUGHT ON ME ... CAN'T STOP TO FIX IT NOW!



WE'RE SAFE NOW! WE'VE CROSSED THE BORDER LINE INTO THE LAND OF SWEET DREAMS!

NIGHT SWEET MARES' DREAMS



YAH! THOUGHT YOU COULD CATCH US YOU DOPE!

HEY! THAT FILM GIVES ME AN IDEA!



I'LL PUT A MATCH TO IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



SHADES OF CAESAR! STOP THAT FIRE...IF IT EVER HITS ALL THAT FILM LYING AROUND IN OUR STUDIOS, IT'LL...



OOOH... I CAN'T LOOK



OH, DANNY, I'M SO GLAD MY ADVENTURES WON'T GIVE ANYBODY ANY MORE NIGHTMARES!

SIGH



SERGEANT BOYLE

HURRY, TWERP, OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE RAJAH'S BANQUET!



IN BADAL SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN TWERP ATTEND A DINNER GIVEN THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATS BY THE LOCAL RULER...

AND NOW, GENTS, BEFORE I MAKE A VERY INTERESTING SPEECH, I PROPOSE A TOAST! TO ME... THE MOST ENLIGHTENED, MOST PROGRESSIVE... MOST CULTURED... ETC...

IMAGINE TOASTING YOURSELF! THE CRUST OF THE GUY!

SHHH, QUIET!



HOURS LATER! AND I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR THE ENGLISH EVER SINCE I WAS EXPELLED FROM OXFORD... AND FURTHERMORE, BLA, BLA, BLA... I THANK YOU! APPLAUSE, PLEASE.



BOY, TALK ABOUT THE BIG WIND! I THOUGHT THAT JERK'D NEVER STOP TALKING! HEY, TWERP, YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW! IT'S ALL OVER!



AND NOW, THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN! WE WILL HAVE OUR DAILY CONFERENCE!

(GROAN) THIS CHAP CAN EVEN OUT-TALK US DIPLOMATS!

YES, RAJAH! SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT!



PHOOEY! WE WOULD GET STUCK ESCORTING AN ENGLISH DIPLOMAT...NOTHING TO DO BUT LISTEN TO A JERKY RAJAH AND EAT BAD FOOD!



EVEN THIS LAYOUT IS SCREWY! AN ENGLISH CASTLE STUCK HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!



YEAH, BUT THIS RAJAH MUST SWING A LOT O' WEIGHT WITH THE MOSLEMS!



MAYBE! THEY'RE SURE KOWTOWING TO HIM PLENTY... SAY! WHAT'S THAT?



I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMEBODY SKULK INTO THE CASTLE

YOU'VE BEEN SEEN! NOTHING BUT JAP SPIES SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE!



HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

MAWA NEHRU!



COME BACK WITH MY HARP YOU BRAT!











OKAY, SONNY, WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE. YOU CAN GO ON BACK HOME IF YOU WANT!



NOT BEFORE I GET MY HARP BACK FROM THE LITTLE CROOK!
MALA!



QUIET. BOTH OF YOU... SOMEONE'S COMING... DUCK INTO THE UNDERBRUSH -- AND PRONTO!



I'LL BE... JAP TROOPS. WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN THESE FORESTS?

MPPEF



ARE WE IN FOR IT NOW? MOSLEMS BEHIND US AND JAPS IN FRONT OF US. HEY! THAT HOLLOW LOG! THAT MIGHT BE OUR OUT!



THIS IS AN OLD INDIAN TRICK... THE CURRENT'LL CARRY US RIGHT PAST 'EM. KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



AMERICANS MUST FOLLOW RIVER TO ESCAPE. WE CATCH BOY SOON... AND AMERICAN PIGS WITH HIM!

YES, EXCELLENCY. THEY CAN'T ESCAPE US!



CUT OUT TICKLING ME, YOU LITTLE RUNT! I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!



G... GULP! IT... IT'S AN ALLIGATOR!



GUIDED BY THE YOUNGSTER, THE TRIO AT LAST, AFTER LONG, WEARY MARCHING, LOCATE THE ENGLISH GARRISON...

AND SO, SIR, OUR MISSION TO LINE THE MOSLEMS UP ON OUR SIDE IN EVENT OF INVASION, SEEMS TO HAVE COLLAPSED! THE JAPS ARE ALREADY THERE IN FULL FORCE, AND...





HAVEN'T YOU GIVEN ME TROUBLE ENOUGH ALREADY? NOW STOP FOLLOWIN' ME AROUND! G'WAN, LOSE YOUR SELF!



GREAT GLORY, BOYLE! THAT BOY OUT THERE... IS HE THE ONE YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT?



EGAD, MAN, YOU'VE BROUGHT BACK THE RAJAH'S SON!

HUH?



GREETINGS, OH GREAT AND NOBLE RULER! MAY I OFFER MY SYMPATHIES ON YOUR FATHER'S UNTIMELY END?



AT LAST THERE IS ONE WHO CAN SPEAK MY LANGUAGE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL MY AMERICAN FRIENDS WHO I AM AND WHY I ESCAPED WITH THEM! I KNEW THE JAPANESE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IF I STAYED... JUST AS THEY DID MY FATHER!



OF COURSE! AND YOU MAY DEPEND ON HIS MAJESTY'S FULLEST PROTECTION! WE SHALL ESCORT YOU BACK TO YOUR TRIBE IMMEDIATELY!



THANK YOU... AND, GENERAL... PSST... PSST...

OH, HE DID, DID HE?



ABOUT THAT JEW'S-HARD, GENERAL... THE KID... ER... THE RAJAH... CONGRATULATIONS, TWERP... THE RAJAH TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR CARRYING HIM!



NEXT DAY... SURE, I KNEW WHO HE WUZ! THAT'S WHY I CARRIED HIM!

NEXT MONTH SERGEANT BOYLE GETS HIS FIRST FURLOUGH OF THE WAR AND MEETS AN OLD SIDEKICK! MAYBE YOU CAN GUESS WHO! OR CAN'T YOU? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN... BETTER NOT MISS IT!

THESE ARE THE BOYS
WHO ARE GIVING THEIR
ALL TO KEEP THE AMER-
ICAN STORY FROM BE-
COMING A LEGEND...
**KEEPING IT ETER-
NALLY ALIVE....**
THE AMERICAN SOL-
DIER ON THE
FIGHTING
FRONT!

AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU
CAN KEEP IT ALIVE. JOIN THE
"YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"
ON THE HOME FRONT. KEEP THIS
BOOK FILLED. DO IT NOW!



Become **"A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA"**

BUY WAR STAMPS. THEN FILL OUT THE PLEDGE BELOW
AND MAIL IT TO **PEP comics** - % THE SHIELD AND DUSTY -
60 HUDSON ST. (RM. 315) N.Y.C. - WE WILL PRINT YOUR
NAME ON "THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" PAGE....
EVERY ISSUE OF **PEP comics** FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE
A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"....

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I
HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE
FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

NAME (IN FULL) _____

ADDRESS _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

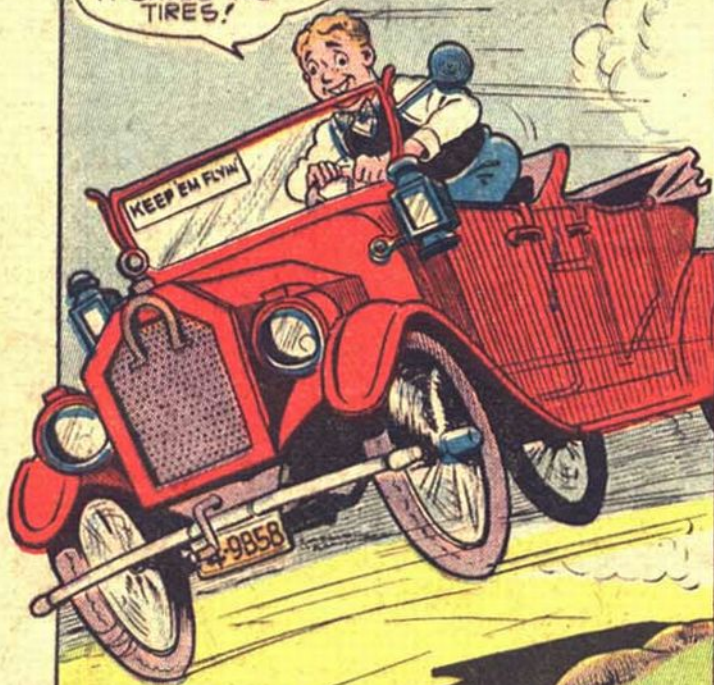
YOU MAY COPY THIS PLEDGE ON A
POSTCARD AND MAIL THAT INSTEAD.

Archie

by
MONTANA

GEE WHIZ!
THIS IS GREAT!
IF I GO FAST ENOUGH
THE WHEELS DON'T
EVEN TOUCH... AN
IT SAVES THE
TIRES!

?



THAT GUY MUST
THINK HE'S DRIVING
THE B-19... I'LL CLIP
HIS WINGS IN A
HURRY!

I KNOW THIS
IS CORNY... BUT
WHERE'S THE
FIRE, BUDDY?

FIRE?
FIRE?... NO FIRE
...ER, THAT IS
(GUTTER)
THAT I
KNOW
OF!





BUT DAD!
IF I DON'T PAY
THIS TEN DOL-
LAR FINE, WHY
THEY'RE LIABLE
TO... TO THROW
ME IN JAIL!

GOOD!
IT'LL TEACH YOU
A LESSON NOT
TO DRIVE SO FAST.
NO, ARCHIE! THIS
TIME YOU'LL PAY
THAT FINE
YOURSELF!

Later
GOLLY, BETTY!
WHERE AM I
GONNA GET \$10?
IF THERE WAS ONLY
SOMETHING I
COULD SELL, OR
SOME BUSINESS
I HAVEN'T TRIED
IN RIVERDALE!

I WISH I
COULD HELP
YOU, ARCHIE!
I'VE GOT 25¢
IN WAR
STAMPS!

SMART COP!
SAID I WAS GOING
SIXTY-WHY, THAT
CRATE NEVER DID
OVER FORTY-TWO
ON A... HEY, AM I
TALKING TO
MYSELF?

H'LO,
BETTY!



HIYA, BETTY!
SAY, WATCHA
DOIN' TONIGHT?
WANNA TAKE
IN A SHOW?

NO THANKS!
NOT TONIGHT,
FREDDIE!

GEE WHIZ!
BETTY SURE
IS POPULAR
SINCE SHE
STARTED WEAR-
ING GLACKS!



AND AFTER
THE GAME
WE'RE HAV-
ING A DANCE
AND -

I'M SORRY,
GOODY...BUT
I'M GOING
WITH ARCHIE
THURSDAY
NIGHT!

HMMM!
SOME CRUST
THAT GUY HAS!
CAN'T HE SEE
I'M HERE OR DO
I LOOK LIKE
PART OF THIS
TREE?



BOY!
YOU OUGHT
TO OPEN AN
ESCORT AGENCY
WITH ALL THE
DATES THESE
WOLVES THROW
AT YOU!

ESCORT AGENCY?
YOU MEAN WHERE
YOU PAY SO MUCH
AND THE AGENCY
SUPPLIES YOU
WITH A PARTNER?



HEY!
THAT'S IT!
I'LL START AN
ESCORT
AGENCY!

WHAT AN IDEA! WAIT TILL WE GET THESE PAMPHLETS SPREAD ALL OVER TOWN!

AND I DON'T HAVE TO ASK WHO'S GOING TO DO THE SPREADING!

DARN FUNNY HOW ALL ARCHIE'S IDEAS DEVELOP INTO A FULL-TIME JOB FOR ME!

UNTHINKINGLY JUG SLIPS ONE UNDER A CERTAIN TEACHER'S DOOR



WELL!

HUH! MISS GRUNDY! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR DOOR!

JUGHEAD! WHAT IS THIS A JOKE? ... HMMH! ... ESCORTS? HOW SILLY!

OH! IT'S NO JOKE, MISS GRUNDY! 'HEART'S DESIRE' IS AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM!

WHY, THEY'VE BEEN FURNISHING RIVERDALE'S FAIRER SEX WITH THE CREAM OF THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR CROP FOR... FOR... SOME TIME!

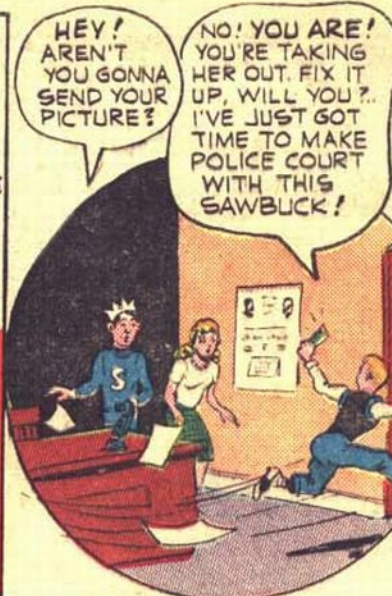
WELL, I GOT OUT OF THAT... THE ONLY DATE THAT OLD GOON EVER HAD HAD A PIT IN IT!

next morning

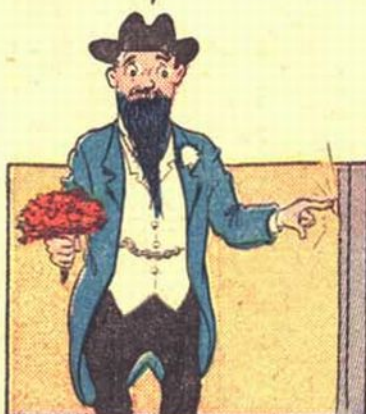
HERE'S A LETTER FOR "HEART'S DESIRE" MR. ANDREWS!

MORNING, BET...ER, MISS COOPER!

MR. ANDREWS



WONDER WHAT THIS MIMI
IS LIKE? I'LL PROBABLY
LOOK LIKE HER FATHER,
THAT JERK JUSHEAD!



OH! THERE YOU
ARE!



(GULP)
MISS
GRUNDY!
MY HISTORY
TEACHER!

NOW YOU WAIT
RIGHT THERE
WHILE I GET
DRESSED...
MR...MR...



ER-AH-
MR. SMITH!

NIX, POOCH!
BEAT IT!
SCRAM!

TEE HEE!
YOU SAY THE
SWEETEST THINGS,
MR. SMITH!



OH, WHAT A
CHARMING PLACE.
MR. SMITH!.....
SOOOOOOO
ROMANTIC!

YOU'RE
PAYING FOR
IT, SISTER!
...WOW!...
WHAT A
PUSS!

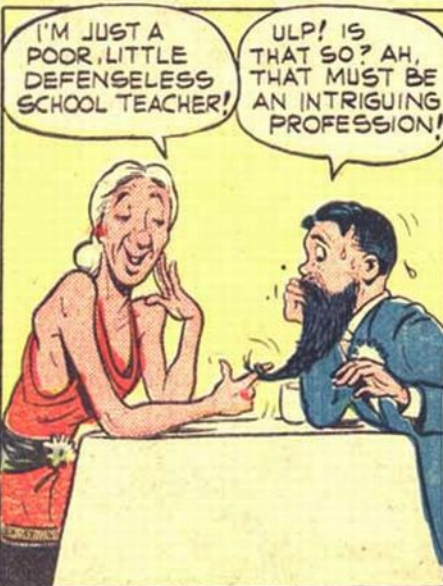


TELL ME, MIMI...
WHAT DOES A
DELICATE LITTLE
GIRL LIKE YOU DO
WITH HERSELF?



I'M JUST A
POOR, LITTLE
DEFENSELESS
SCHOOL TEACHER!

ULP! IS
THAT SO? AH,
THAT MUST BE
AN INTRIGUING
PROFESSION!



YES...I LIKE
IT...EXCEPT
FOR A LITTLE
SNIP NAMED
ARCHIE.....
BUT LET'S
NOT TALK
ABOUT
THAT!

YES, LET'S
NOT TALK
ABOUT ME
...OOP...ER..
I MEAN...
LET'S TALK
ABOUT YOU!
DO YOU
CONGA?



OH! I'D
LOVE TO!



WONDER WHAT THIS MIMI
IS LIKE? I'LL PROBABLY
LOOK LIKE HER FATHER!
THAT JERK JUGHEAD!



OH! THERE YOU
ARE!

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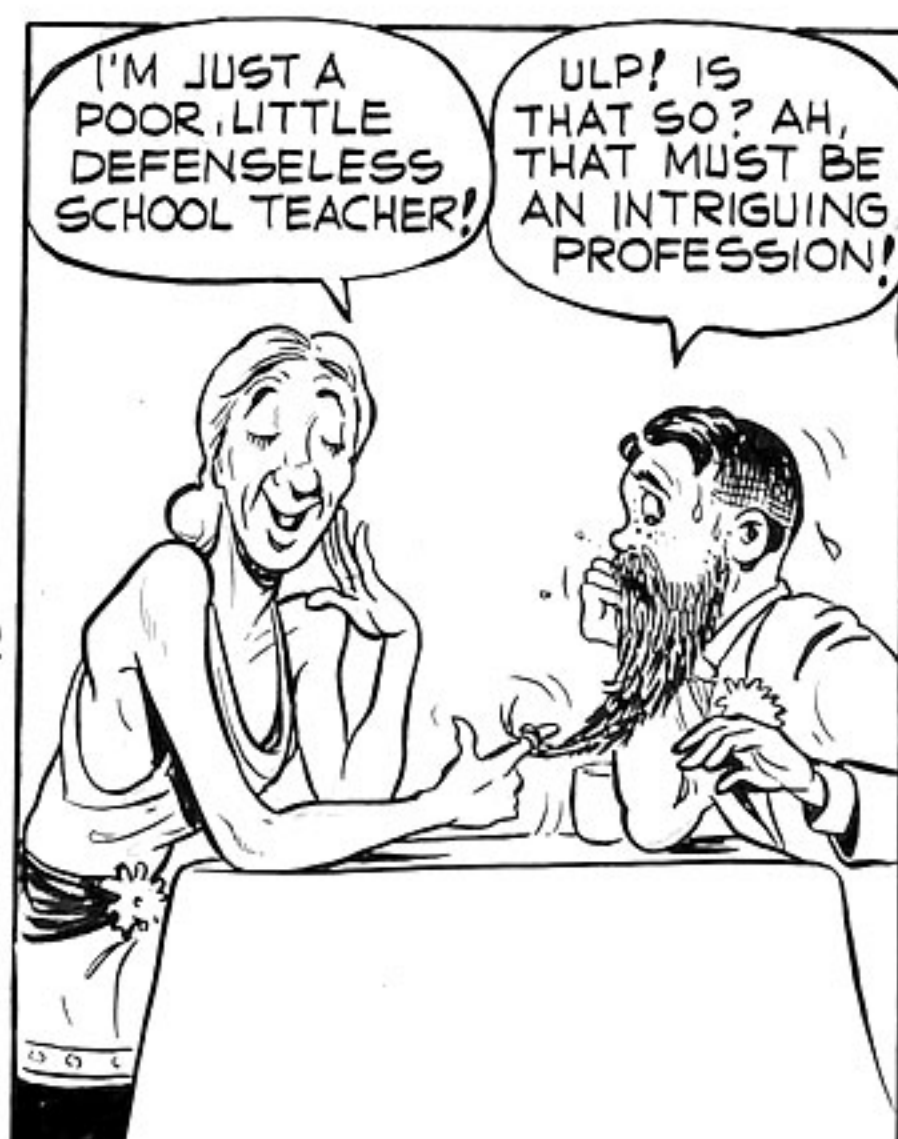


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ABOUT YOU!
DO YOU
CONGA?



OH! I'D
LOVE TO!



bentley

OF SCOTLAND YARD

Paul Reinman

MY BROTHER,
DON, HERE, AND I
COULD TELL YOU
MANY SUCH
STORIES OF MY
DISCOVERY OF
ANTARTICA IN
THE SOUTH POLE!
YOU SEE, BENTLEY—
“OH, WASN'T
THAT THE FRONT
DOORBELL?”

WHAT WAS THE ECHO
OF THE FROZEN
NORTH THAT STAB-
BED WITH ICY FING-
ERS INTO THE
VERY HEART OF LON-
DON? HOW DID SUB-
ZERO DEATH CHILL
THE MARROW OF
THE PRETENDING
INNOCENT? READ
ON—AND DISCOVER
FOR YOURSELF HOW
BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YARD
INGENUOUSLY SOLVED
THE MOST BAFFLING
CASE IN THE ANNALS
OF CRIME!

KEEP RINGING,
AL. THIS IS
MAJOR GRAYSON'S
HOUSE. ALL RIGHT!

RIGHT IN HERE, BOYS!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING
THIS PACKAGE!

A FELLOW EXPLORER
OF MINE PROMISED TO
SEND ME SOME POLAR
RELICS, AND I
BELIEVE...

SUDDENLY MAJOR GRAYSON
STARTS UP
IN HORROR...

THE UNWRAPPED
PARCEL REVEALS A GRIM,
FROZEN JEST-A CORPSE
ENTOMBED IN ICE...

GREAT GUNS! IT'S DR.
SLADE WHO ACCOMPAN-
IED ME ON MY LAST EXPED-
ITION!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
PLACE IN LONDON WHERE
THIS CRIME COULD HAVE
BEEN COMMITTED!

WHERE,
BENTLEY?

AT THE HIGHGATE
ICE PLANT! COME
ALONG!

THE FIRST THING WE'LL
DO IS EXAMINE THE
FREEZING VATS!

HIGHGATE
ICE PLANT

GB X124012



THE FOREMAN GREETES THEM

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MAJOR GRAYSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DO YOU KNOW THE MAJOR FOREMAN?

I SURE DO! I WAS THE FIRST MATE ON HIS LAST TRIP AND HE CHEATED ME OUT OF THREE MONTHS' PAY!

I DID NOT, WALTERS! YOU WERE INSUBORDINATE!



THESE ARE THE VATS YOU ASKED TO SEE, BENTLEY. ALL THE ICE-CAKES ARE MADE HERE!



...AND WHEN THEY'RE FROZEN THEY DESCEND THROUGH THOSE CHUTES!

OH, MAJOR! COME HERE A MINUTE!



DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY DR. GLADE SHOULD BE MURDERED?

SUDDENLY...



HELP! I'M FALLING!



AND THE MAJOR TUMBLES INTO THE FREEZING VATS AS HIS BROTHER DON TRIES TO SAVE HIM...



HURRY UP, WALTERS, SHUT OFF THE FREEZING CONTROL!



BUT IT IS TOO LATE! ANOTHER LIFE IS SNUFFED OUT BY THE SUB-ZERO DEATH...

BENTLEY RUSHES TO THE CONTROL ROOM...

HOW TERRIBLE! BROTHER (SOB-SOB)!



WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTESS BENTLEY REACHES THE UPPER TIER...

HEY, YOU! SHUT OFF THE CONTROLS!



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JULIAN THOMAS. SO WHAT?

MAJOR GRAYSON'S BEEN KILLED OWING TO YOUR CARELESSNESS... WHY DIDN'T YOU SHUT THIS OFF WHEN I SHOUTED TO YOU?

I-ER DIDN'T HEAR YOU!

GRAYSON! THAT FOURFLUGHER! MY ASSISTANT, JOE, HERE, AND I HAVE HATED HIM EVER SINCE THAT LAST EXPEDITION!



SEEM TO BE A LOT OF CHAPS HERE WHO KNOW GRAYSON... VERY STRANGE! HEY, BENTLEY, COME HERE A MINUTE!

AND AS BENTLEY LEAVES...

WHAT THAT SCOTLAND YARD GUY DOESN'T KNOW WOULD FILL A BOOK!





AS BENTLEY
RUNS TOWARD
THE FOREMAN...



GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT'S THIS?

THE
ENORMOUS
TONGS THAT
TRANSPORT
ICE-CAKES
SNAP AT
BENTLEY'S
LEGS!



STRUGGLING FRANTIC-
ALLY, BENTLEY IS
CARRIED PERILOUSLY
INTO THE AIR...



IF I DON'T MAKE
THIS I'LL BE
CRUSHED
TO DEATH!



AHH!
THANK
HEAVEN!



WRENCHING HIS FOOT FREE OF THE
IRON JAWS, BENTLEY
SCRAMBLES TO
HIS FEET...



INSIDE THAT DOOR
IS THE MURDERER OF
SLADE AND GRAYSON
...AND I KNOW
WHO HE IS!

WHAT CUNNING
MURDERER LIES
IN WAIT IN THE
CONTROL CABIN?
BENTLEY
KNOWS HIS
IDENTITY!
DO YOU?
IS IT...
DONALD GRAYSON
FOREMAN WALTERS
JULIAN THOMAS
HIS FOREMAN JOE
PICK YOUR SUSPECT
AND THEN TURN THE
PAGE!

DONALD GRAYSON!
JUST AS I SUS-
PECTED!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THOSE CRANE
CONTROLS, GRAYSON: YOU'VE COMMITTED
ENOUGH MURDERS WITHOUT TRYING TO
ADD MINE TO YOUR LIST!



YOU'RE RIGHT!
I KILLED MY BROTHER AND
BLADE, AND I'M NOT SORRY. THEY BECAME
FAMOUS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF ANTART-
ICA! I NEVER GOT ANY OF THE CREDIT SO
I GOT MY REVENGE! NOW GET OUT OF MY
WAY, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!



NO ONE WILL PUT
ME BEHIND BARS!
I'LL SEE TO THAT!

COME BACK
HERE GRAYSON!



BUT BEFORE
BENTLEY
CAN REACH
THE MURDER-
ER, HE PLUM-
METS OVER
THE EDGE
TO CERTAIN
DEATH
BELOW...

HE'S
DEAD,
ALL RIGHT!

JUST AS
WELL! HIS
SELF-INFLICTED
DEATH WILL
SAVE THE GOV-
ERNMENT THE
EXPENSE OF
HANGING HIM!

NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE
THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS! NO
MATTER HOW JUSTIFIED DONALD
GRAYSON BELIEVED HIMSELF TO
BE - HE WAS A MURDERER!
HE MET THE DEATH HE
METED OUT TO OTHERS!



GOD'S WRIST WATCH

A SERGEANT BOYLE STORY

IT WAS only an hour since they'd started out, but it felt like a month. Every ten minutes Boyle looked at his watch, then at Twerp's watch, and then he cursed because only ten minutes had passed since the last time he'd looked at the watches. It was still so blasted long till night-fall.

They were on a reconnoitering tour, just looking around, and with the sun blasting down and cooking them, the cool night seemed to be the only thing worth looking for.

Boyle was about to look at his watch again, and curse again, when he saw the river. It was one of those fast-running streams which end in falls, the kind you come across deep in the jungles of Africa. He clutched Twerp's shoulder and did a half-dance.

"Off with your clothes, old boy," he shouted. "There's the answer to our prayers."

Within a minute, their clothes were lying back of the river, their watches were in a hollow tree, safe from the trample of the numerous small animals which lived in the neighborhood, and they were swimming happily in the cool water. They were so pleased with their new-found coolness that they didn't notice an extra-large wave pick up their clothes and carry it thru the river over the falls.

Two hours later, Boyle suddenly shouted, "Okay, Twerp! Fun's fun, but we've got serious work to finish. Let's go."

They swam onto the shore and walked back to where they'd left their uniforms. That was when they discovered that their clothes were gone with the wave.

Boyle retrieved the watches from the hollow tree and groaned. "Look, Twerp," he said. "These jungles seem pretty much deserted, but you never can tell. We can't walk around like this. Take a gander and see if you can find some big shrub leaves."

Almost immediately, Twerp was back, whooping wildly. "A man with my brains doesn't need shrub

leaves," he said, boastfully. "Look what I found!" He was clutching two long green robes, made of a material which was fine and faintly silky.

Boyle stared with interest at the costumes. "Where did you get these?" he asked.

Twerp blinked his eyelids innocently. "Oh, I just came across an empty hut a few feet into the forest. These were in there, so I just—sort of—did some swiping."

Boyle leaped at him, and spun him about face. "You just bring these back where you got them from. These are ceremonial gowns, and we'll have a tribe on our necks in a minute . . ." He stopped. "What's the matter?"

Twerp's eyes had grown large as saucers and his face was faintly blue.

"B-Boyle," said Twerp, quaking. "Look behind you."

Boyle wheeled. Approximately three hundred savages, well painted, were standing in back of him. Their spears were upraised, and they were obviously not in a good humor.

One savage, even more painted up than the others, said then, "Give back gowns." He said it in a back-jungle African dialect with which Boyle was well familiar.

Boyle smiled in an attempt at friendliness while the savage stared woodenly at him. "Sure," said Boyle, "sure. No harm intended." He handed back the gowns.

The savage snatched the gowns, clutched them to him. "You will now die. No man outside the tribe doctors may touch these." He turned his head back to the 299 other savages to issue the order.

"W-wait," said Twerp, who also understood the dialect. "I'm too young to die."

The savage smiled mirthlessly. He raised his hand to give the signal.

Boyle had been thinking fast. "STOP!" he said, in a voice of

thunder. "We are gods! Would you kill your gods?"

"Why fear?" said the savage, cunningly. "Gods cannot die of a spear wound."

"You are wrong," said Boyle. "We have taken human form to visit you, and so we can die. Cannot you see that we are gods? We are not your color, not one of you, and yet we understand your language. How could we do this if we are not gods?"

Puzzlement spread over the savage's face. "It may be so," he said. A smile worked onto his features. "It must be so. The smile broadened. "It is so. Come, we will have great feasting."

Boyle thought fast again. He had to get away. These savages might change their minds again suddenly, and he wasn't willing to take the chance. He would try one last trick.

"No," he said. "We were called back by the higher gods just as we reached earth. The time to visit you is not yet."

The savage's smile turned into a frown. "You lie," he said. "There are no higher and no lower gods in our religion; all are alike. You are a mortal."

Sweat stood out on Boyle's forehead. "We must go. I shall prove to you that we are gods, and then you must let us go. Observe. We are alive, is it not so?"

"It is so."

"You hear my heart beat, and you know that I am alive. Now I must have my heart, for in my human form I cannot live otherwise. But you are my people and to prove my godhood . . . I will leave you the beat of my heart!"

And before the savage's startled eyes, he produced his watch and held it so that the loud tick-tock hit steadily against the savage's ear. Then, pausing only to select six large leaves from a nearby shrub, he took Twerp's arm and walked blithely away.



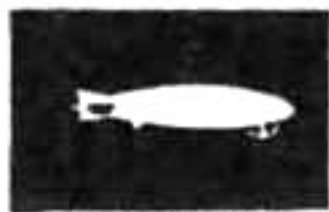
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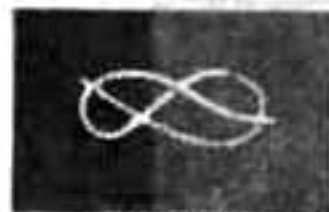
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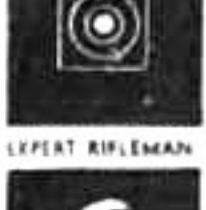
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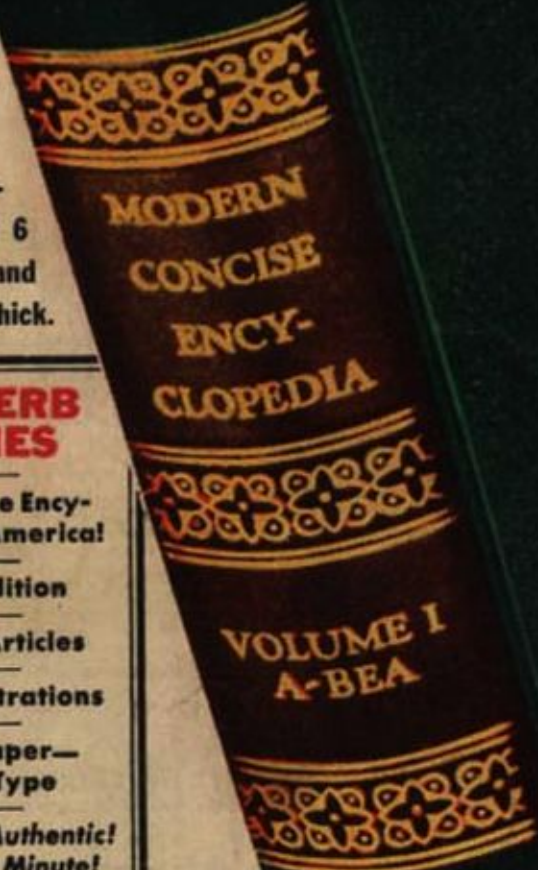
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